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A SUDDEN DEATH.

CHARLES F. HANLEY DIES OF HEART DISEASE.

Came Here from Lafayette. The Facts in the Case. J. B. Howell Cracks a Joke—Other Important Events.

Charles F. Hanley, of Lafayette, who came to this city some time ago to take treatment at the Borton sanitarium for the morphine habit, has, with the exception of a few days, been under the doctor's care up to the time of his death which occurred Friday of heart failure. To set aright a false rumor that has been circulated on the streets this morning, we give the exact facts in the matter.

Hanley was sent here by relatives and commenced taking the treatment for the morphine habit on Jan. 16th, being discharged on Feb. 5th. It seems that Hanley desired to die and, on two occasions previous to his coming to Plymouth, had attempted to end his life by shooting himself. He repeatedly told the doctor that he was wasting his time in treating him, as he had no desire to live. At the time of his discharge he left the institute, the attending physicians having requested him to remain several days longer to regain his strength.

Several days after leaving the institute he was returned and placed under the care of Doctor Borton. Ten days ago he purchased cocaine and when discovered by the physician he was nearly dead, and was then only saved by the hardest work.

Last evening he was seen by both Dr. Borton and Dr. Aspinall, the former seeing him a short time before his death. The attendant was with him and, at the request of Hanley, was fanning him. Hanley told his attendant that members of his family had died of heart trouble, and as he made the statement he reached up to his side and fell over dead.

The only reason for this explanation is that reports are in circulation, stating that the treatment caused his death, while the facts prove that they were only giving remedies to counteract the influence of the cocaine taken, no doubt, with suicidal intent.

The Last Rites.

The funeral of John M. Ruge took place at the home of his mother yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, and although held at the residence, it was one of the most largely attended funerals held in our city. The services were conducted by Rev. Grob of the Lutheran church, assisted by Rev. L. S. Smith of the M. E. church. The music was furnished by the choir of the Lutheran church and was rendered pathetically. The popularity of this young man was plainly visible in the array of beautiful flowers that almost buried, with their regal beauty, the casket which contained the remains of a model young man. Floral designs, sent by sympathizing friends and relatives, were as follows: A pillow from the bereaved family; a large bunch of pink and white roses from Miss Rose Dickman, of Defiance, Ohio; a large scroll from Mr. Claus Ruge and family and Mr. John Boye and family; an anchor with base from Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Eich, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kuhn, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hahn, Mrs. Haslanger and daughter Rose; an anchor from Frank Hahn, Davenport, Iowa; several wreaths, one from Mrs. Henry Boye, of Chicago; Mrs. John Hoharu and Mrs. Magd. Klinghammer; from Mr. Emil Weiss, Davenport, Iowa; a large cross on a base from Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Kleopfer; a lyre from the clerks at Kleopfer's; large bunch of pink and white roses from Mr. and Mrs. Andy Kuntzman, South Bend, Ind.; a bunch of roses from Mr. and Mrs. Urban and son, of South Bend; a crescent and star from Mrs. M. Speisshofer, Mrs. J. Klinghammer, Mrs. J. C. Kuhn, Mrs. George Gross, and Mrs. H. Hawk, Mrs. Herscher, Mrs. P. Ulrich; carnations and roses from Mr. and Mrs. Mose Lauer; a large bouquet of calla lilies from Mrs. Langfeldt and family and another bouquet of calla lilies from Mr. John Soice and Miss Rose Soice; a wreath from the following classmates and friends: Edith Johnson, Ella Rost, Myra Bunnell, Lettie Trowbridge, Emma Gallagher, Dolly Reeve, Anna Porter, Hattie Kelly, Bert Rosenbury, Oliver Chase, John Lindquist; a bouquet from Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Botesh, Washington, D. C.; a bouquet from the Davenport Club, Davenport, Iowa; a broken wheel from Mr. and Mrs. Klindt, Mr. and Mrs. Severin and Mr. and Mrs. Plunk, Davenport, Iowa; a bouquet of red roses Mrs. Henry Ruge, Valparaiso.

After the short service at the house,

the solemn procession wended its way to the Oak Hill cemetery where the last of the mortal remains of John Ruge were laid to rest.

The last words, uttered by John, so we are informed, was a request that his host of friends be personally thanked for their kindness to him during his fatal illness. This was one of his beautiful traits displayed. Always thinking of others, although his own physical frame was racked with suffering.

The pall bearers were:
Upton Schilt, Leonard Vogel, Prosper Ball, Jerome Ball, Frank Wilson, Will Leonard, Jr.

There clusters around the life of John Ruge so many traits of a noble life that it would take days to tell of the numerous symbols of a pure life that have been cast out for his numerous friends to profit by.

Among those present at the funeral from abroad were Mrs. Henry Boye and John Weirter from Chicago, Ill.; John Boye and daughter Laura, Mr. and Mrs. Friday, Mr. Claus Ruge, Mr. Marx Ruge, and Mr. Harry Ruge from Valparaiso, Ind.; Misses Emma and Hattie Soehlig, Mr. Fred Haslanger, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Urban, from South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Emil Weiss, Davenport, Iowa; and Mr. and Mrs. L. Gabbert, Argos, Ind.

THAT ASSAULT CASE.

Joseph Snyder as Defendant in a Case of Provoking Assault at Bourbon.

BOURBON, Ind., March 7. [Special to THE INDEPENDENT.]—Quite an excitement was manifested on our streets all day yesterday and shady stories of all kinds were being told by almost every man met, regarding the provoke case of Joseph Snyder. But the only correct story to be heard was at the trial, which took place before Justice Kehler at 4 p. m., state vs. Joseph Snyder, with Mrs. Lovina Miles as prosecuting witness. John Thomas appeared as state prosecutor while Jesse D. Chaplin was for the defendant. Mr. Snyder was charged with provoking an assault.

The testimony given at the trial tended to show that on Wednesday of this week Mr. Snyder had approached Mrs. Miles, who was alone at her home, just before the noon hour, for immoral purposes. Mrs. Miles told her husband—Thomas Miles—as soon as he returned home, of Mr. Snyder's visit, whereupon Mr. Miles' wrath arose and could only be appeased by seeing Snyder brought before a justice.

Miles met Snyder on Thursday and asked him about the visit to his house, whereupon he denied it. Miles then insisted on Snyder accompanying him home to see his wife about it. When confronted by the lady Snyder withdrew his denial and begged for forgiveness, which was only granted yesterday afternoon by Snyder being fined \$5.00 and costs of suit, amounting in all to \$18.25. Mr. Chaplin immediately asked for an appeal for his client, taking the case to the circuit court; Snyder giving the required bond—\$25.00—for his appearance. Only three witnesses were called—Mrs. Lovina Miles, Mr. Thomas Miles and Mrs. Sam Vantag, a daughter of Mrs. Miles, all appearing for the defense.

INCIDENT OF THE TRIAL.

Just before the case was called for hearing, Mr. Chaplin, attorney for the defendant, noticing the crowded condition of the room and especially the presence of young boys, asked that all who had not arrived at the age of maturity, or 18 years, should be ejected from the room, as he thought "there might be testimony given that would be improper for them to hear." His honor thought so, too, and went the attorney one better by ordering the room cleared and the door locked.

It was only a few minutes afterward that a cautious rap was heard at the door which was answered by Constable Sherwood, who met at the door Dr. Lavert, of Wakarusa, Ind., but a former Bourbon lad. He asked admittance on the plea of being a reporter for the Cincinnati Post. But Chaplin heard the plea and ordered the constable to not allow that fellow within 20 feet of the building, as they didn't care to have any one of the old "Bourbon telegraph liars" present for the purpose of reporting the case.

The Lecture.

Hon. H. G. Thayer delivered one of his popular lectures to an appreciative audience, Sunday evening, at the U. B. church. Although the announcement had not been thoroughly circulated, the commodious audience room of that church was crowded. The lecture delivered was on "Ireland, Scotland and England," and Mr. Thayer handled the

subject in an eloquent manner. He started out with his hearers upon the great waters of the ocean and told many very interesting incidents of the voyage. Arriving at the beautiful island he conducted them through the many beautiful scenes in Ireland, even to the old historic Blarney castle, where his hearers—the male portion, at least—sympathized with him in the humorous way in which he tried to kiss the "Blarney Stone." The ladies were visited, and then hurrying over into Scotland they were permitted to visit the great poets' last resting places. Mr. Thayer took his audience through many portions of England and abandoned the one hour's trip to Westminster Abbey. It was a fine lecture.

Republican Convention.

The republicans of Center township met in the Brink building, on the South side, this afternoon, and selected delegates to the district and state conventions. The following were selected:

Delegates to district convention—Joseph Swindell, B. C. Southworth and A. Johnson.

Alternates to district convention—Vanvaeter, D. L. Dickinson and Peter Heim.

The following were elected delegates and alternates to the state convention: Delegates—Upton Schilt, H. H. Bonham and Jas. Thayer.

Alternates—Joe Black, J. V. Astley and J. Jordan.

It was unanimously carried that the delegates be instructed to vote for Hon. H. G. Thayer, and it will also be seen by the report from Bourbon that the same resolution was adopted there.

According to the appearance of the delegates to the district convention, it appears that Major Kendall has continued to "saw wood."

BOURBON CONVENTION.

At the convention at Bourbon the following delegates were selected.

Delegates district convention—Wm. Ritchey, Geo. Ettinger.

Alternates—L. G. Ailes, E. Mendenhall.

DELEGATES TO STATE CONVENTION.

Wm. Erwin, Samuel Day.

Alternate—Joseph Core, Jas. A. Matchette.

J. H. Matchette made the following resolution that the Bourbon board of Bourbon township in convention assembled do endorse the candidacy of Hon. H. G. Thayer for governor of the state of Indiana subject to the decision of the coming state convention. Carried by clear vote.

A New Daily.

Owing to signs that appear upon the horizon the Plymouth Republican will launch a daily next Monday. While the truthfulness of the report can only be verified by its appearance yet the indications are pointing that way.

THE INDEPENDENT does not fear its new competitor for honors in the field. This paper arose to the needs of the hour, believing the people would show their appreciation in the matter, and though the venture has not proven a great success financially, yet it has proven that the proprietors of THE INDEPENDENT were progressive and willing to venture out upon a movement that was acknowledged by the greater number of our business men to be a great undertaking and of doubtful expediency.

THE INDEPENDENT has, however, kept up to a standard rarely attained in small daily newspaper work which is evidenced by the fact that no paper in any small city in Northern Indiana has gained so wide and reliable a reputation in so short a time. We shall continue not only to maintain but to elevate this standard and to give the people of Plymouth and Marshall county more for a dollar than any other paper in the county.

Encampment Declared On.

Those of our readers who have been keeping tab of the controversy regarding railroad rates to Minneapolis between the railroads and Supreme officers, of the K. of L., uniformed division, will no doubt be glad to learn that the holding of the biennial convention at Minneapolis has been called off. The supreme lodge in session at Cincinnati on Feb. 22, issued a circular stating that the encampment will be held in Cleveland, Ohio.

In their report they set forth the statement made by the railroad representative to the effect: "If they did not feel inclined to pay 1½ cents per mile rate, they could walk," which of course the officers believe is not necessary.

The selection of Cleveland will be received with marked satisfaction by the Knights of Pythias throughout the entire country.

ATTEMPTED MURDER.

THE GUN THEN TURNED UPON HIMSELF.

Frank Watson, of Elm Green, Attempts to Murder his wife—He Then Deliberately Ends His Own Existence.

Special to THE INDEPENDENT.

ELM GREEN, Ind., March 10, '96, 1 o'clock p. m. [Special to THE INDEPENDENT.]—This usually quiet little town is all in an uproar of excitement today, caused by the attempted murder and suicide of Frank Watson, a young man of worthless character, not quite 25 years of age.

The story of the past few years of his life is one of perilous, and as learned in an interview with his wife, is about as follows:

Frank Watson and Emma Self were married in the fall of 1890, and lived peaceably together for about a year when their only child—a boy—was born.

At about that time, when the child was three weeks old, they had some trouble, and he left his wife and child, going to his father's home to stay. He visited his family but a few times during the winter, leaving them to shift for themselves. During the following summer he again returned to them and promised to do better, but always causing more or less trouble and never half supporting them with the common necessities upon which to live; for work he would not unless absolutely forced by want.

But their troubles were checked for one year by Mrs. Watson getting a divorce in September 1894. They were divorced for one year, when through his pleading and urging they were remarried in September 1895. But only a short time afterward he again left her, after abusing her and the child. He returned again after cold weather had set in. They were living at this time with Mrs. Watson's mother—Mrs. Self, a soldier's widow—who receives a widow's pension by which she supported herself, Mrs. Watson and the child.

During the cold part of the winter he left them all, without even a stick of wood in the house and they hardly dared to leave their beds, even during the day, long enough to get a bite to eat, and on one of the coldest days the little boy, who will be 5 years old the 10th of next month, froze his feet so badly that they were blistered. After they had passed the many and severe hardships of the winter, he came back to live with them again and got along seemingly well until about one week ago, when he again left and returned to the house.

Yesterday just after the noon hour Watson took up their little boy and started out of the house with him, saying to his wife:

"Whenever you see the child again, you will see him a corpse."

Mrs. Watson immediately did as any mother would do in a like case. She got a livery and drove to Warsaw, the county seat of this county, twelve miles east of here, to obtain the services of Sheriff Stoner in replevying the child, returning home about 7 o'clock just before the west bound passenger train pulled into the station and in time to meet the sheriff, who was on this train. But somebody had told Watson in the meantime of her trip to Warsaw and he hurried with the child back to his home and left it with its grandmother. The sheriff went with Mrs. Watson to her home for the purpose of seeing that everything was all right and remained about one hour, leaving just a few minutes before 8 p. m. He had hardly left the house when Frank Watson was seen approaching from the east side, and, seeing his wife standing at the opposite side of the room where she had just stepped, he fired through the window at her, the bullet just grazing her hair and then entering the wall, frightening her so badly that she fell to the floor in a swoon. She quickly regained consciousness; while he, thinking he had killed her, passed out of the front gate and across the street to the railroad, going a short distance west, then came back within about fifty rods of the house. He stepped to one side of the track and turned his gun upon himself and fired—the bullet, a 32-calibre, entering about one inch below and to the right of the nipple.

Immediately after firing the fatal shot, he was heard to scream and call upon his Maker for help; but he had passed beyond all help, and within five minutes everything was quiet. The neighbors, who heard the shot, found his body lying over the track shortly afterward.

While at the house the reporter for THE INDEPENDENT saw the little boy

THOSE KINDLY TALKS.



"Have you heard the news? May Paster has become engaged at last." "What kind of a man is he?" "Oh, he impressed me as one of those men who can put up with anything." "I wonder how much she had to 'put up' to get him?"—Brooklyn Life.

playing around the house perfectly unconscious of the cause of his mother's sorrow, or that his father, who was lying a corpse in the front room, was the cause of it all.

The coronor from Warsaw has not yet arrived, but is expected at 1:30 p. m., and if nothing interferes with the plan of the widow and her mother, Watson's remains will be buried this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

THE PIN CAME BACK.

John Howell Perpetrates a Joke on J. C. House, a Traveling Salesman.

The genial proprietor of the Ross house can appreciate a good joke, and will himself father one, even at the cost of a good night's sleep. John had of some freak of fortune come into possession of a fine diamond. It was a "beaut" and all the traveling men whose beat came this way, stopped over night at this hostelry, partly to be enabled to feast their eyes on this brilliant.

Among those who had become infatuated with this sparkler was a man named J. C. House. Every time he arrived in Plymouth, J. C. would be compelled to hear the beauty of his diamond extolled. Now Howell had a scheme, a winner; and when several weeks ago his friend House appeared he was ready to spring the trap on this unsuspecting victim, having purchased an excellent paste for 25 cents.

The same conversation took place as on previous occasions, only our friend Howell told House that he had a diamond in the safe that had been left with him, that he would sell to him at a bargain.

The sparkler was brought forthwith, and as the gleaming beams of the electric light fell upon its modest face, it threw out a wonderful ray of dazzling light to cover the suffusion of blushes. House went into rhapsodies over the beauty and wanted to know the price. Howell hesitated and finally said \$35.00. House took him to one side and told him quietly that owing to a little game he was a little shy of "pin money," but would give him \$5.00 in cash and his note for \$30.00.

After some hesitancy our modest landlord, finally gave his consent and the bargain was made.

Our drummer friend on his rounds, bumped up against some of his grip sack colleagues who, when gazing upon his purchase, called it a fraud. To fully satisfy himself he called on a jeweler and confidently asked what a stone like that was worth. The jeweler looked at it carefully then at the owner, said:

"Oh, about 25 cents!"

House was nervous. At the next town he tried another place with the same result. Being convinced that he had got it bad, he immediately wrote to Howell, who remained silent. This continued until seven postal cards found their way to the Ross house. The last card said:

"Please send \$5.00 and note, and inform me how to send jewelry,—by freight or express."

This proved to much for Howell, and today House has his money and note while Howell has the "sparkler" and a heap of fun.

A Good Thing.

There are many things in this world that are good, and especially when put to a proper use. There is the incubator. When used to hatch devilment, disreputable thieving and even well matured plans to crush an opponent in an underhanded manner, it is a bad piece of invention. But when it is used for the purpose of hatching eggs, that is some what different. J. E. Price and Bert Shell have secured one for the latter purpose, and we understand they contemplate entering into the business of raising chickens with a vim. We wish them success.

THE CLOVEN HOOF.

AN INCIDENT THAT IS WORTHY OF NOTICE.

The Underhanded Efforts Made by the Republican Editor to Injure The Independent.

Ever since the first issue of the weekly INDEPENDENT, Oct. 19th, 1894, among those who have been the most persistent in saying quiet little things regarding its ability to live in this community, has been E. S. Brooke of the Republican. We made this assertion some time ago, but he indignantly denied it. We propose again to show to the readers of THE INDEPENDENT just the kind of a man he is, and state nothing but facts. Since THE DAILY INDEPENDENT has commenced entering the homes of the greater portion of Plymouth citizens, he has become convinced that it could not be wiped out by silent work against it, so some other mode must be taken. He has finally concluded that the best way is to start an opposition daily, notwithstanding his frequent utterances regarding the utter impossibility of such a venture paying in Plymouth. What he has done in the past, and even the contemptible underhanded work which he and his tools have done to learn things regarding the inside workings of THE DAILY INDEPENDENT, sink into insignificance to his last effort to injure the only progressive paper in Plymouth. He concocts a scheme. He will quietly interview the carrier boys of THE INDEPENDENT just a day or two previous to his new venture; secure them to do the carrier work on his new edition; and thus so discommode the system established by THE INDEPENDENT that dissatisfaction among the patrons of the latter will be so marked that, with the former boys of THE INDEPENDENT as carriers for his paper and the utter chaos resulting from his little side play, would prove a winner for him.

Now some of the people of Plymouth may think E. S. Brooke is not capable of committing such a mean, contemptible trick. We are prepared to say that before last Friday we would have made that same statement. But here is the proof.

When our carrier, Peter Hendricks, on the South side, informed us that he wanted to leave our employ Thursday, we were in fact not very much surprised, as his brother is connected with the Republican force. But Saturday night we learned more. Mr. Brooke approached the father of our carrier boy, Darwin Boyer, with the question: "What is Darwin doing now?"

Mr. Boyer answered: "Carrying papers for THE DAILY INDEPENDENT."

What did this man do then? He laid in wait until he saw Darwin Boyer, and here is the conversation:

The Tempter—"What are you doing now, Darwin?"

Darwin—"Carrying papers for THE INDEPENDENT."

The Tempter—"Well, you had better come and carry papers for me. I will give you more wages than what you are getting."

"How much?" asked the boy.

The Tempter—"Not less than \$2.50 a week, and you will not have to fold papers either."

The boy, of course, anxious to make as much as possible, accepted the tempting offer.

Now mark, dear reader, this fact: Ed Brooke knew what Darwin Boyer was doing, for every evening since the boy had been in our employ he had delivered a paper at the Republican office. Then why this remark? The proprietors of THE INDEPENDENT have no word of censure for the boys, for they are human. But we propose that the patrons of this paper and all honest, fair-minded people of our city, shall know, to what subterfuge our opponent has stooped to bring discredit upon an opponent's business. He, of course, may deny these charges, for he is good at that kind of work, but the evidence is there to stare him in the face. This makes very little difference in the service of THE INDEPENDENT, as it will continue along the lines it has laid out in the past, and the people of our beautiful city will assuredly certify whether they are satisfied with the publishers who had the nerve to fill a want in this city.

Killed.

An old farmer living near Laporte was killed Monday by the south bound train on the L. E. & W. track. He was in his buggy and crossing the track just south of the city when the engine struck him. He was killed outright. The inquest was held at 10:30 o'clock this morning.